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Bath, 1829

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FIFTY

LYRICAL BALLADS.

BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

BATH :

PRINTED BY MARY MEYLER, ABBEY CHURCH-YARD.

1829.

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TO THE

EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON.

MY LORD,

TO YOU I BEG TO DEDICATE THIS VOLUME OF SONGS, ON THE
PLEA OF RELATIONSHIP.

THE LATE EARL OF STAMFORD'S GREAT GRANDFATHER, AND MY
FATHER'S, WERE BROTHERS: I THEREFORE REQUEST YOUR LORDSHIP TO
ACCEPT THIS OFFERING FROM

YOUR LORDSHIP'S OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANT,

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

JANUARY 1, 1829.

These Songs are all published with Music, but being the Property of various Persons, the Author has not the power of publishing them collectively.

This Volume has therefore been printed for private circulation.

MY HARP OF SIGHS.

ALAS I am not what I was
When last I sang to thee,
The playful song that won thy smile,
Is not the song for me :
My harp of smiles upon the earth
Unstrung, and broken lies ;
And well I know that one so young
Will scorn my harp of sighs.

I have no song of youth and hope
 That does not close in care,
 I have no tale of woman's love
 That ends not in despair ;
 I only breathe the *name* of joy
 To tell how soon it dies,
 I only sing the songs that suit
 My dear—dear harp of sighs.

I could not—if I would—be gay,
 For when I touch the chords
 I throw a shade of sadness o'er
 The melody, and words :
 Grief thro' her darkened glass, discerns
 No sunshine in the skies,
 The voice *must* mourn that mingles with
 Thy notes, my harp of sighs !

OH AM I NOT A LOVER STILL?



OH! am I not a lover still,
 In heart and soul the same—
 As when I sought thy bower first,
 And learnt to breathe thy name?
 Oh! look I not as proud of thee?
 Oh! speak I not as kind?
 And when I leave thee, do I not
 Leave joy itself behind?

The love I offered long ago,
 Is but matured by time;
 As tendrils round their chosen bough,
 Cling closer as they climb:
 Then am I not a lover still,
 In heart and soul the same,
 As when I sought thy bower first,
 And learnt to breathe thy name?

THE BRIDEMAID.

THE Bridal is over, the guests are all gone,
The Bride's only sister sits weeping alone ;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the Bridemaid is desolate now.

With smiles and caresses she deck'd the fair Bride,
And then led her forth with affectionate pride ;
She knew that together no more they should dwell,
Yet she smiled when she kissed her and whispered farewell.

She would not embitter a festival day,
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away :
She hears the bells ringing—she sees her depart,—
She cannot veil longer the grief of her heart.

She thinks of each pleasure, each pain, that endears
The gentle companion of happier years ;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the Bridemaid is desolate now.

OH NO, WE NEVER SPEAK OF HER!

OH no—we never speak of her,
Her name is never heard ;
My lips are now forbid to breathe
That once familiar word :
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret ;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
The charms that others see ;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me :
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn tree—
But how can I forget ?

For ah, there are so many things
 Recall the past to me,
The breeze upon the sunny hill,
 The billows on the sea :
The rosy tints that deck the sky
 Before the sun is set ;—
Aye, ev'ry leaf I look upon,
 Forbids me to forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
 The gayest of the gay ;
They hint that she forgets me,
 But heed not what they say :
Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
 Each feeling of regret,
But *if* she loves as I have loved,
 She never can forget.

I HAVE LOVED THEE.

I HAVE loved thee in the brightness of thy beauty and thy bloom,
I have loved thee in the shadow of thy sickness and thy gloom ;
I have loved thee for thy sweet smile, when thy heart was light and gay ;
Yet I loved thee *even better* when the smile had pass'd away :

Alas ! I *never* loved thee with the common love of earth,
The love that boasts it's proud success in revelry and mirth ;
My love was nursed in secret, like a blossom that has furl'd
All it's sweet leaves from the notice and the sunshine of the world.

THE HEART OF A SOLDIER.

THE heart of a soldier
Surrenders to thee ;
The Champion of Freedom
No longer is free :
He decks with his laurels
Thy sylvan retreat,
And the spoils of the conquer'd,
He lays at thy feet.

But say, were I summon'd
Again to the field,
Would'st *thou* bring my helmet,
My sword and my shield ?
And scorning the softness
Of tearful delay,
Would'st *thou* urge me forward,
To horse, and away ?

Yes ! such is the duty,
 And such is the pride,
 Of her whom a Soldier
 Hath chosen his bride :
 She shares and she sweetens
 His peaceful repose,
 And she smiles when to battle
 And glory he goes.

SIGH NOT FOR SUMMER FLOWERS.

SIGH not for summer flowers,
 What though the dark sky lowers
 Welcome ye wint'ry hours,
 Our sunshine is *within* :
 Though to the west retreating
 Daylight so soon is fleeting,
 Now happy friends are meeting,
 And now their sports begin :
 Sigh not for summer flowers !

Leaves that our path once shaded,
 Now lie around us faded ;
 Groves where we serenaded,

Are desolate and chill :

Nature awhile reposes,
 Art his gay realm uncloses,
 Beauty displays her roses,

And we are happy still !

Sigh not for summer flowers !

Round us 'tis deeply snowing—
 Hark !—the loud tempest blowing !
 See !—the deep torrent flowing !

How wild the skies appear !

But can the whirlwind move us ?

No—with this roof above us,
 Near to the hearts that love us,

We still have sunshine *here* :

Sigh not for summer flowers !

HAND IN HAND, LOVE.

Who would snatch from anxious lovers

Hopes, though they be link'd with fears?

Who would raise the mist that hovers

O'er our fate in future years?

Oh! not I! though clouds hang o'er us,

Sunbeams dwell beyond them still;

We'll pass o'er the path before us,

Hand in hand, Love, come what will.

No magician's art I covet,

To unfold my future lot;

Dark or light, no spell can move it,

Then 'tis best to know it not.

In the noon of summer weather,

I'll not dread December's chill;

Through the world we'll rove together,

Hand in hand, Love, come what will.

E'en the gloomy now and then shall
 Own our smiling system right :
 Joy, when shared, grows more substantial,
 Grief, when shared, becomes more light.
 While from Nature's purest flowers
 Nought but poison some distil,
 We'll seek honey in her bowers,
 Hand, in hand, Love, come what will.

OH! SAY NOT 'TWERE A KEENER BLOW.

Ou! say not 'twere a keener blow
 To lose a child of riper years,—
 You cannot feel a mother's woe,
 You cannot dry a mother's tears ;
 The girl who rears a sickly plant,
 Or cherishes a wounded dove,
 Will love them most, while most they want
 The watchfulness of love !

Time *must* have changed that fair young brow !

Time *might* have changed that spotless heart !

Years *might* have taught deceit—but now

In love's, confiding dawn—we part !

Ere pain or grief had wrought decay,

My babe is cradled in the tomb ;

Like some fair blossom torn away

Before its perfect bloom.

With thoughts of peril and of storm,

We see a bark first touch the wave ;

But distant seems the whirlwind's form,

As distant—as an infant's grave!

Though all is calm, that beauteous ship

Must brave the whirlwind's rudest breath ;

Though all is calm, that infant's lip

Must meet the kiss of Death !

'T WAS A FRIEND OF MY EARLY YOUTH.

'T WAS a Friend of my early youth
That I met in a foreign land,
I knew him not—but thought I touch'd
A passing stranger's hand !
But the spell of the voice can never end ;
He spoke—and I knew my early friend.

Oh ! that voice did revive again
All the feelings of other years,
The *smile* of welcome died away—
The *word*—was lost in tears ;
He spoke—'twas a voice from my home I hear'd,
And it struck my heart's most sensitive chord.

ON THE HILLS I WANDERED EARLY.

ON the hills I wandered early,
And I saw a maiden there,
Who was twining fresh wild flowers
With the tresses of her hair :
And I said when I beheld her
In her simple garb arrayed—
“ This is one of nature’s blossoms,
“ Formed for solitude and shade.”

To the dance I went at midnight.
And I saw a maiden *there*,
With a coronet of jewels
Round the tresses of her hair :
It was she I met so early !
But her simple garb was gone,
And she *now* seemed formed to revel
In the sunshine of a throne !

Oh! when youth and beauty mingle
 In the mansions of the gay,
 Let not the old condemn them,
 And turn scornfully away :
 For in truth there may be many
 Who like my fair mountain maid,
 Keep their brightness for the sunshine,
 And their virtues for the shade !

A FEATHER IN MY CAP.

My heart was free—you caught it,
 My friends look'd on and thought it
 A feather in
 My cap, to win
 Your love,—so many sought it !
 A feather in my cap 'twill prove
 Though we're no more together,
 Go, fickle one ! your flimsy love,
 Is nothing but—*a feather !*

You are not what I thought you,
 When long ago I sought you ;
 Your face is fair,
 But lurking there
 Is a frown that Pride hath taught you :
 Then go—some other victim find,
 Forgetting—I'll forgive you ;
 Since Vanity has changed *your* mind,
 I'll change *my own*, and leave you.

I'LL WATCH FOR THEE FROM MY LONELY TOWER.

I'LL watch for thee
 From my lonely tower,
 Come o'er the sea
 At the twilight hour :
 Come when the day
 Passes away !
 Come when the nightingale sings on the tree !
 Come, and remove
 Doubts of thy love ;—
 But if thou lov'st me not, come not to me !

Why did'st thou say
 I was brighter far
 Than the bright ray
 Of the evening star?
 Why did'st thou come,
 Seeking my home,
 'Till I believed that thy love was sincere?
 Oh! if thy vow
 Wearies thee now—
 Though I *may* weep for thee—never come here!

THE LAST GREEN LEAF.

THE last green leaf hangs lonely now,
 Her summer friends have left the bough.
 Yet though they withered one by one,
 The *last* still flutters in the sun!
 And so it is with us to-day;
 The bowl is fill'd—we must be gay;
 We sing old songs again,—and yet
 We've lost old friends since last we met.

But should some lost one now return
 And view us here, he would discern
 Some lips that press the goblet's brim,
 To hide the sigh that's breathed for him.
 We do not meet to banish thought,
 Yet though regrets will come unsought,
 We will not waste in sighs of grief
 Life's ling'ring joy—our last green leaf.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

WHY nightly burns a Beacon light
 In yon secluded bay?
 Who keeps the little taper bright
 Until the dawn of day?
 Oh it hath been for many years
 A lonely woman's care;
 Her form is chang'd by time and tears.
 Yet still the light is there!

'Twas kindled by an anxious Bride,
One evening wild and dark ;
She hoped to guide across the tide
Her sailor's fragile bark :
At sunset it was just in sight—
But storm-clouds fill'd the air !
And all that long, long dreadful night,
The Beacon light was there.

Morn came at last,—the sail was gone !
She never saw it more !
Year after year she lives alone
Upon that fatal shore :
Unconscious of her faded form,
She braids ner snow-white hair ;
To guide her bridegroom thro' the storm,
The Beacon light is there !

TEACH, OH TEACH ME TO FORGET.



FRIENDS depart, and Memory takes them

To her caverns pure and deep ;

And a forced smile only wakes them

From the shadows where they sleep.

Who shall school the heart's affection ?

Who shall banish it's regret ?

If you blame my deep dejection,

Teach, oh teach me to forget !

Bear me not to festive bowers ;

'Twas with *them* I sat there last !

Weave me not spring's early flowers,

They'll remind me of the past !

Music seems like mournful wailing

In the halls where we have met ;

Mirth's gay call is unavailing—

Teach, oh teach me to forget !

One who hopelessly remembers,
 Cannot bear a dawning light ;
 He would rather watch the embers
 Of a love that *once* was bright :
 Who shall school the heart's affection ?
 Who shall banish it's regret ?
 If you blame my deep dejection—
 Teach, oh teach me to forget !

MAY THY LOT IN LIFE BE HAPPY.

MAY thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me,
 The God who shelters innocence, thy guard and guide will be ;
 Thy heart will lose the chilling sense of hopeless love at last,
 And the sunshine of the future chase the shadows of the past.

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend—
 I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end ;
 With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,
 Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to meet thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay ;
I could not bear to view thee deck'd in fashion's bright array ;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,
When thro' the trees the ev'ning breeze breathes forth it's cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay—and thought of none but thee ;
And I have seen thy bright array—when it was worn for me ;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,
With joy—that pass'd away as fast as sunshine from the tide.

I never wish to meet thee more,—yet think not I've been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy thought.
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturb'd by thoughts of me.

MY HARP OF SMILES.

OH if upon my harp of smiles
One string may still be found,
For THEE once more I'll strive to wake
It's long neglected sound :
I *must* be gay, that smile of thine
Ne'er shone on me in vain.
Come forth my harp of smiles ! I'll sing
My cheerful songs again.

I thought that in my solitude
Such songs would ne'er be sung,
But thou art here--and I am changed !
My very heart feels young !
One link restored, we reunite
The long-lost, broken chain ;
Come forth, my harp of smiles ! I'll sing
My cheerful songs again.

I'll sing of Love ! aye love like thine,
 Still faithful to it's vow ;
 I'll sing of joy ! the boundless joy
 That fills my bosom now :
 I'll tell thee tales of constancy
 That triumphs over pain—
 Come forth my harp of smiles ! I'll sing
 My cheerful songs again.

FLAG OF THE WRECK.

UNDER the white cliff
 Moulders the wreck,
 See, the huge top-mast
 Lies on the deck ;
 Ne'er shall its white wings
 Hover again,
 Like a wild sea-bird
 Over the main.

Torn is the banner
 Blood-red and blue ;—
Where is the captain ?
 Where are the crew ?
Hush'd are their passions,
 Calm is their sleep,
Under the billows
 Five fathom deep.

Desperate beings,
 Reckless as brave !
Ocean—your war-field,
 Now is your grave !
Tempests have riven
 Topmast and deck,
Sea-weed flaunts o'er them,
 Flag of the Wreck !

FLY AWAY, PRETTY MOTH !

FLY away, pretty Moth ! to the shade
 Of the leaf where you slumber'd all day ;
 Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty moth !
 And make use of your wings, while you may :
 Though you glittering light
 May have dazzled you quite,
 Though the gold of yon' lamp may be gay ;
 Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth !
 Only dazzle to lead us astray !

I have seen, pretty moth ! in the world
 Some as wild as yourself, and as gay,
 Who bewitch'd by the sweet fascination of eyes,
 Flitted round them by night and by day :
 But though dreams of delight
 May have dazzled them quite,
 They at last found it dangerous play !
 Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth !
 Only dazzle to lead us astray !

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower

Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet,

Roving for ever from flower to flower,

And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet :

I'd never languish for wealth or for power,

I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet,

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,

Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,

I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings ;

Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,

They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings :

Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,

Power, alas ! nought but misery brings ;

I'd be a butterfly sportive and airy,

Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day ;
 Surely 'tis better when summer is over
 To die—when all fair things are fading away :
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay,
 I'd be a butterfly living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

BE A BUTTERFLY THEN.

BE a Butterfly then!—be the wildest, the worst,
 Of the Insects that flutter Life's summer away ;
 Fly from bower to bower, as if thou wer't nurst
 For no end upon Earth but to trifle and play ;
 Leave the labour of life to the Ant and the Bee,
 While the world is so bright, what is labour to thee ?

Be a Butterfly then !—a mere summer day's toy,
To and fro flitting ever from smiles to repose ;
Turn away from all shadows, and fancy it joy
To ramble in sunshine, or sleep in a rose :
Leave the labour of life to the Ant and the Bee,
While the world is so bright, what is labour to thee ?

Be a Butterfly then !—but the summer is brief,
And a season of tempest too soon will arrive ;
When the garden has lost every blossom and leaf,
Thou wilt sigh for the sweets of the sheltering hive :
Though the winter has joy for the Ant and the Bee,
When the world is so cold, what is pleasure to thee ?

ONE MORN I LEFT MY BOAT.

ONE morn I left my boat, to stray
In you' island's dewy bowers,
I cull'd it's sweets and sail'd away
With my stolen store of flowers :
The west wind bore me o'er the flood,
My prize from the sun I shaded ;
But ere ev'ning came the fairest bud
In my lovely wreath was faded !

That eve when nought but sea, and sky,
In the dreary prospect blended,
A little blue-wing'd butterfly
Upon the deck descended !
It nestled near the rose, it's wing
Then lost it's buoyant power,
And I saw the insect withering
Beside its own poor flower.

ROUND MY OWN PRETTY ROSE.

ROUND my own pretty rose, I have hover'd all day,
I have seen its sweet leaves one by one fade away ;
They are gone, they are gone,—but I go not with them,
No, I linger to weep o'er the desolate stem :
They say if I rove to the south, I shall meet
With hundreds of roses, more fair and more sweet ;
But my heart when it is tempted to wander replies—
HERE my first love—my last love—my only love lies !

When I sprang from the home where my plumage was nurst,
'Twas my own pretty rose that attracted me first ;
We have loved all the summer, and now that the chill
Of the winter comes o'er us, I'm true to thee still :
When the last leaf is withered, and falls to the earth,
The false one to southerly climes may fly forth ;
But truth cannot fly from his sorrow,—he dies
Where his first love,—his last love,—his only love lies.

WAKE, DEAREST LOVE ! THE MOON IS BRIGHT.

WAKE, dearest Love ! the moon is bright ;
 Dream not away so sweet a night ;
 When clouds come on, repose at ease,
 But do not waste nights fair as these :
 The very birds are all awake !
 The swan is roused and skims the lake !
 The world's so bright, the summer bee
 Believes 'tis noon !—then come to me !

Oh ! 'tis the time for serenades !
 When the moon peeps thro' orange shades.
 Guitars and voices gain a tone
 Of sweet enchantment, not their own !
 There's a wild cadence in the breeze !
 A murmur in the trembling trees !
 The silver ripple of the sea
 Has music in it !—come to me !

And few such nights are left us now,
 The yellow tint is on the bough ;
 The farewell whisper Summer gives
 Just curls the lake, just fans the leaves ;
 Too soon will wane the harvest moon,
 The latest rose will fade too soon ;
 But in my heart there still will be
 A summer—if you'll come to me.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

You think I have a merry heart
 Because my songs are gay,
 But, Oh ! they all were taught to me
 By friends now far away :
 The bird will breathe her silver note
 Though bondage binds her wing—
 But *is* her song a happy one ?
 I'm saddest when I sing !

I heard them first in that sweet home

I never more shall see,

And now each song of joy, has got

A mournful turn for me :

Alas ! 'tis vain in winter time

To mock the songs of spring,

Each note recalls some wither'd leaf—

I'm saddest when I sing !

Of all the friends I used to love

My harp remains alone ;

It's faithful voice still seems to be

An echo to my own :

My tears when I bend over it

Will fall upon it's string,

Yet those who hear me, little think

I'm saddest when I sing !

ISABEL.

WAKE, dearest, wake ! and, again united,
We 'll rove by yonder sea ;
And where our first vows of love were plighted,
Our last farewell shall be ;
There oft I 've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted,
And there I 'll part from thee,

Isabel.

Dark is my doom ; and from Thee I sever,
Whom I have lov'd alone ;
'T were cruel to link thy fate for ever
With sorrows like my own ;
Go—smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I 'm gone,

Isabel.

And when at length in these lovely bowers

Some happier youth you see,

And you cull *for him* spring's sweetest flowers,

And he sings of love *for thee* ;

When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,

O ! tell him to love *like me*,

Isabel.

May his harp in mirthful moments bless thee

With measures light and gay ;

And if mournful thoughts should e'er oppress thee,

And cloud thy youthful day,

May *He* with unchanging love caress thee,

And kiss thy tears away,

Isabel.

THE MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Dearest Infant ! pure as fair,
 Whilst I watch thy closing eye,
Thus, my babe, thy mother's prayer,
 Mingles with her lullaby.
 Oh be content
 And innocent !

When thy lips' uncertain sound
 Ripens into words at length ;
When thy foot, upon the ground
 Steps, relying on it's strength ;
 Oh be content
 And innocent !

When the tempting world shall come
 With the garlands that she weaves,
 Some without a thorn—but *some*
 Hiding poison in their leaves ;
 Oh be content
 And innocent !

TAKE AGAIN ALL YOU GAVE.

TAKE again all you gave as the proofs of your love,
 Take them back for their value is gone ;
 They were dear to me once, but with others you rove,
 I am left to weep o'er them alone.
 Since the heart you gave with them no longer is mine,
 Since my tears and entreaties are vain ;
 Fare thee well ! each remembrance I proudly resign,
 They are worthless—receive them again !

Take the harp so long used to the songs of your choice,
 When your taste was content with my skill ;
 Take it back, since you now find no charm in my voice
 Though I sing your old favourites still :
 Take the garlands you sportively taught me to twine—
 Take the steed that you led by the rein ;
 Fare thee well ! each remembrance I proudly resign,
 They are worthless—receive them again !

THE DARK WINTER TIME.

A GOBLET with gems may be shining,
 Though bitter the poison within,
 So gay wreaths are often entwining
 The lure that entices to sin :
 Oh ! turn from the false tongues that flatter,
They cannot ennoble a crime :
 Oh ! think of the thorns they would scatter
 O'er thy path—in the dark winter time !

The home of thy youth may be lonely,
 The friends of thy youth may be cold ;
 The morals they teach may seem only
 Fit chains for the feeble and old :
 Yet though they *may* fetter a spirit
 That soars in the pride of it's prime,
 The friends of thy infancy merit
 All thy love—in the dark winter time !

The stranger in gems would array Thee ;
 More pure are the braids thou hast worn ;
 Say—would not their lustre betray Thee,
 Attracting the finger of scorn ?
 Go gaze once again on thy dwelling,
 The porch where the wild flowers climb ;
 Go *pray*, while thy young heart is swelling—
 Pray for peace—in the dark winter time.

THE FORWARD SPRING.

SPRING once was impatient of schooling and nursing,

And grew very *fine* for a season so young ;

Her playthings she scorned, artificially forcing

The charms of her person, the wit of her tongue :

Her snowdrops neglecting, her roses displaying,

And singing—as summer birds only *should* sing ;

She smiled, and the world her attractions surveying,

Declared it had ne'er seen so forward a Spring !

But soon this same world, which is never unwilling

To lower pretensions it sanctioned in haste ;

Perceived that her mornings and evenings were chilling.

And all her forced fruit was found wanting in taste.

“ Alas ! ” cried the young year, “ the charms that I boasted

“ If lavished too early, too early decay ;

“ I've lost the pure pleasure of Spring, and exhausted

“ The green leaves that *might* have made Summer look gay.”

And now I will venture to look for a moral,
 In this little song, which so simple appears :
 Go *Childhood* and play with your bells and your coral,
 And sigh not for pleasures unfit for your years :
 Though *Infancy* tutored by art, prematurely
 May imitate *man* in look, action, and tone ;
 Life's Summer will not be forestall'd, and too surely
 The charm of life's Spring-time for ever is gone !

THOUGH THE SUMMER MAY HAVE ROSES.

THOUGH the Summer may have roses
 That outshine the buds of spring,
 Deeper shadows in the forest,
 Blither birds upon the wing :
 When I see a bright spring morning
 After long—long days of gloom :
 Summer seems to sport around me
 In his infancy of bloom !

Oh 'tis sad to see the splendor
 Of the Summer pass away ;
 When the night is always stealing
 Precious moments from the day :
 But in Spring each lengthen'd evening
 Tempts us farther off from home ;
 And *if* Summer *has* more beauty,
 All that beauty is to come !

OH ! LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW.

OH ! leave me to my sorrow,
 For my heart is oppress'd to-day ;
 Oh ! leave me,—and to-morrow
 Dark shadows may pass away :
 There's a time when all that grieves us
 Is felt with a deeper gloom ;
 There's a time when Hope deceives us,
 And we dream of bright days to come.

In winter, from the mountain

The stream in a torrent flows ;

In summer, the same fountain

Is calm as a child's repose :

Thus, in grief, the first pangs wound us.

And tears of despair gush on :

Time brings forth new flowers around us.

And the tide of our grief is gone !

.

Then heed not my pensive hours,

Nor bid me be cheerful now :

Can sunshine raise the flowers

That droop on a blighted bough ?

The lake in the tempest wears not

The brightness it's slumber wore ;

The heart of the mourner cares not

For joys that were dear before.

.

GO, MY OWN DARLING BOY.

Go, my own darling Boy,
Though to see thee depart,
Blights the last bud of joy
In my desolate heart :
Thou art call'd to the field
Where thy father was slain ;
And thy mother must yield
Her last treasure again.

My Child only thinks
Of the conqueror's wreath ;
My coward heart shrinks
With forebodings of death :
Thy friends may be seen
Giving laurels to Thee ;
But branches as green
Will then wave over me !

The young may assuage
 Half their parting regrets.
 But care clings to age—
 Till it doats—and forgets !
 The young who deplore,
 May yet meet thee in joy :
 But thy mother no more
 Shall behold Thee—dear Boy !

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM,—NEVER.

SHE never blamed him—never,
 But received him when he came,
 With a welcome kind as ever,
 Though she started at his name :
 But vainly she dissembled,
 For whene'er she tried to smile
 A tear unbidden trembled
 In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
 And she dreaded not her doom ;
 She never thought of sighing
 O'er her beauty's blighted bloom :
 She knew her cheek was alter'd,
 And she knew her eye was dim ;
 But her sweet voice only falter'd
 When she spoke of leaving him.

'Tis true that *He* had lured her
 From the Isle where she was born ;
 'Tis true *He* had inured her
 To the cold world's cruel scorn :
 But yet she never blamed him,
 For the anguish she had known,
 And though she seldom *named* him—
 Yet she *thought* of him alone.

She sighed when he caress'd her,
 For she knew that they must part ;
 She spoke not when He press'd her
 To his young and panting heart :
 The banners waved around her,
 And she heard the bugles sound ;
 They pass'd—and strangers found her
 Cold and lifeless on the ground.

THE NURSERY TALE.

OH ! did you not hear in your nursery,
 The tale that the gossips tell,
 Of the two young Girls that came to drink
 At a certain Fairy well ?
 The words of the Youngest were as sweet
 As the smile on her ruby lip ;
 But the tongue of the Eldest seemed to move
 As if venom were on its tip !

At the well a Beggar accosted them,

(A Sprite in a mean disguise ;)

The Eldest spoke with a scornful brow,

The Youngest with tearful eyes :

Cried the Fairy “ whenever *you* speak, sweet girl,

“ Pure gems from your lips shall fall ;”

“ But whenever *you* utter a word, proud maid,

“ From your tongue shall a serpent crawl.”

And have you not met with these sisters oft

In the haunts of the old and young ?

The *first* with her pure and unsullied lip ?

The *last* with her serpent tongue ?

Yes—the *first* is GOODNATURE—diamonds bright

On the darkest theme she throws ;

And the *last* is SLANDER—leaving the slime

Of the snake wherever she goes !

THE MAGICAL MIRROR.

“ WHY wed you not, Baron ?” once whispered a Fairy.

“ There’s gold in your coffers, why wed you not now ?”

“ Not yet,” quoth the Baron, “ ’tis best to be wary,

“ I might make a change for the worse you’ll allow :

“ My temper’s a jealous one. Beauty would keep

“ My mind in a frenzy—I’ll look ’ere I leap.”

“ Oh give me a boon,” cried the Baron—“ pray give me

“ A Magical Mirror of chrystal and gold ;

“ And in it, if Womankind e’er should deceive me,

“ The *cause* of her fickleness let me behold.”

“ ’Tis your’s !” said the Fairy ; “ whatever may be

“ The cause of your grief, *there* that cause you shall see !”

The Baron soon married, soon found out his error,
 He sighed in his castle, a desolate place ;
 He eagerly sought in his Magical Mirror
 The *cause* of the evil—and saw—*his own face* !
 When Age finds a blank in the lot that he draws,
 He need raise no Fairy to tell him the cause !

YOUNG BRINCAN BEWARE !

BEWARE of the Fairy ! young Brincan beware,
 Thy cheeks are like roses and bright is thy hair ;
 Thy Beauty hath charm'd her, beware of her spell,
 She is calling Thee down to her bright coral cell ;
 Look not on the waters for danger is there,—
 Row homeward—row homeward ! young Brincan beware !

•

Her spell is upon him ! like one who would leap
 To the arms of a mistress, he dives in the deep ;
 Sweet harmonies hail him, he seems to repose
 On an emerald pillow as downward he goes !
 A Fairy receives him, oh ! what is so fair
 As that beautiful Being ! young Brincan beware !

Her hair is sea-green ! but he heeds not it's hue
 When he looks on her eyes of ethereal blue :
 He loves the fair sea nymph, forgetting the worth
 Of his own betrothed maiden, the fairest on earth :
 'Tis morn and he leaves her—his boat is still there—
 Row homeward—row homeward !—young Brincan beware !

The spell is dissolved as he steps on the shore,
 He seeks his bethroth'd—but she loves him no more !
 “ Thy hair,” she exclaims, “ is as green as the sea !
 “ And a web-footed Man is no Lover for me ! ”
 —’Tis thus with the Fickle, who fond vows forswear
 For Fairy, or Woman ! so Lovers, beware !

MY WIFE IS VERY MUSICAL.

My Wife is very musical,
 She tunes it over much,
 And teazes me with what they call
 Her fingering and touch !
 She's *instrumental* to my pain,
 Her very Broadwood quakes !
 Her vocal efforts split my brain !
 I shiver when she shakes !

She tells me, with the greatest ease
 Her voice goes up to C !
 And *proves it*, till her melodies
 Are *maladies* to me :
 She's " *Isabelling*" if I stir
 From where my books lie hid,
 Or " Oh no we never mention her"—
 I wish she never did !

Her newest turns, turn out to be

The same we heard last year ;

Alas ! there's no variety

In variations here :

I see her puff, I see her pant

Thro' ditties wild and strange,

I wish she'd *change her notes*, they want

Some *silver*, and some *change* !

BENEDICITE DAUGHTER.

THE Lady Abbess was gone to her rest,

And the Nuns in their cells were sleeping,

Save one who sick of so dull a nest,

Was over the battlement peeping ;

And under the convent wall she spied,

A boat on the dimpling water,

And in it a youth who fondly cried—

“ Come down—Benedicite Daughter ! ”

She threw him one end of a silken thread,
And she kept fast hold of the other,
“ Be silent—be silent”—she trembling said,
“ Or you’ll wake our Lady Mother !”
She drew up a ladder of ropes, and soon
The youth in his stout arms caught her ;
“ Away !” he cried, “ by the light of the moon,
“ Away ! Benedicite Daughter !”

The Lady Abbess awoke—and she heard
A noise at the midnight hour ;
She counted her brood, and missing a Bird,
She sought it in hall and tower :
The ladder she spied—and down it she hied—
—But she tumbled into the water !
The boat sail’d off, and the Lovers cried
“ Farewell ! Benedicite Daughter !”

LORD HARRY HAS WRITTEN A NOVEL

LORD Harry has written a Novel,
 A story of elegant life ;
 No stuff about love in a hovel,
 No sketch of a clown and his wife :
 No trash such as pathos, and passion,
 Fine feelings, expression, and wit,
 But all about people of fashion,
 Come look at his caps, how they fit !

Oh, Radcliffe ! thou once wert the charmer
 Of girls who sat reading all night ;
 Thy Heroes were striplings in armour !
 Thy Heroines damsels in white !
 But past are thy terrible touches,
 Our lips in derision we curl,
 Unless we are told how a Duchess
 Conversed with her cousin, the Earl !

Our dialogues now must be *quite* full

Of Titles, “ I give you my word,

“ My Lady, you ’re looking delightful !”

“ Indeed, do you think so, my Lord !”

“ You ’ve heard of the Marquiss’s marriage,

“ The Bride with her jewels new set,

“ Four horses, new travelling carriage,

“ And *Dejeuner à la fourchette*.”

Haut ton finds her privacy broken,

We trace all her *ins* and her *outs* ;

The *very small* talk that is spoken

By very great people at routs :

At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of

The book from the innkeeper’s wife ;

And she reads till she dreams she is one of

The leaders of elegant life.

FAIRY FAVOURS !

I HAVE dreamt of Fairy favours,
 Of the gold that lies conceal'd,
 Where no outward mark betrays it
 In the poor man's sterile field :
 Is not INDUSTRY the Fairy,
 Who can call these favours forth ;
 Who can raise a golden harvest
 From the bosom of the earth ?

I have dreamt of Fairy favours,
 Of the spell that will secure
 True Love through all it's trials.
 Still as holy, and as pure :
 Is not CONSTANCY the Fairy ?
 Is not INNOCENCE her spell ?
 Yes, a Paradise she raises
 Where true Love delights to dwell.

I have dreamt of Fairy favours,
 Of a Home of perfect bliss,
 No Monarch has a Palace
 Half so beautiful as this :
 And is not CONTENT the Fairy,
 Who beholds the map unfurl'd,
 And points to her own dwelling,
 As the best in all the world ?

THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR !

THIS is my eldest Daughter, Sir,
 Her mother's only care ;
 You praise her face—oh ! Sir, she is
 As *good* as she is fair !
 My angel Jane is clever too,
 Accomplishments I've taught her !
 I'll introduce you to her, Sir,
 —This is my eldest Daughret.

I've sought the aid of ornament,
 Bejewelling her curls,
 I've tried her Beauty unadorned,
 Simplicity and pearls :
 I've set her off to get her off,
 'Till fallen off I've thought her ;
 Yet I've softly breathed to all the Beaux—
 “ This is my eldest Daughter.”

I've tried all styles of hair dressing,
 Madonnas, frizzes, crops ;
 Her waist I've laced ; her back I've braced,
 'Till circulation stops !
 I've padded her until I have
 Into a Venus wrought her,
 But puffing her has no effect !
 —'This is my eldest Daughter.

Her gowns are à la Ackerman,

Her corsets à la Bell ;

Yet when the season ends, each Beau

Still leaves his T. T. L.

(to take (some))

I patronise each Dejeunè,

Each party on the water,

Yet still she hangs upon my arm !

This is my eldest Daughter.

She did refuse a Gentleman—

—I own it was absurd—

She thought she *ought* to answer “ No ! ”

He took her at her word !

But she 'd say “ Yes,” if any one

That 's eligible sought her ;

She really *is* a charming girl

Though she's my eldest Daughter.

THE FADED LOVE-KNOT.

You do not now remember
 This ribbon once so gay !
And yet it was your own gift
 Upon our wedding day :
You had no gems to offer,
 I never sighed for them :
I prized this little Love-knot
 Beyond the brightest gem.

I thought you would not know it.
 Alas ! 'tis faded now ;
How chang'd, since last it flutter'd
 Upon a Bridal brow !
Yet once a year I'll wear it,
 Let Triflers say their worst—
I'll tell them I'm as happy
 As when I wore it first !

Too many find their Love-knots
 Were never made to last ;
 The *knot* remains to gall them,
 When all the *love* is past !
 Though *mine* has long been faded,
 My pride it still shall be,
 For He who gave the Love-knot
 Is very kind to me.

AT HOME !

INVITATIONS I will write,
 All the world I will invite,
 I will deign to show civility,
 To the tip tops of gentility,
 To the cream of the Nobility
 I'm " At Home " next Monday night.

See my Footman how he runs !
 Ev'ry paltry street he shuns !
 I'm " at home " to Peers and Peeresses,
 Who reside in Squares and Terraces,
 I'm " at home " to Heirs and Heiresses,
 And of course to *eldest sons*.

I'm " at home " to all the set
 Of Exclusives I have met ;
 If a Rival open *has* her doors,
 All the Coronets shall pass her doors,
 I'm " at home " to the Ambassadors,
 Though their names I quite forget.

I'm " at home " to Guardsmen all,
 Be they short or be they tall ;
 I'm " at home " to men Political,
 Poetical and Critical ;
 And the punning men of wit I call
 Acquisitions at a Ball.

Oh, the matchless Collinet
 On his flageolet shall play :
 How I love to hear the thrill of it !
 Pasta's song, think what she will of it,
 He will make a quick quadrille of it,
 " DOVE SONO,"---dance away !

NOT AT HOME !

Not at home ! not at home ! close my curtain again,
 Go and send the intruders away ;
 They may knock if they will, but 'tis labour in vain,
 For I am not made up for the day ;
 Though my Ball was the best of all possible Balls,
 Though I graced my saloon like a Queen ;
 I've a head-ache to-day, so if any one calls—
 " Not at home !" I am not to be seen.

Not at home ! not at home ! bring strong coffee at two,

But now leave me to doze in the dark,

I'm too pale for my pink, I'm too brown for my blue,

I'm too sick for my drive in the Park.

If the Man whose attentions are pointed should call—

(Eliza, you know who I mean.)

Oh say, when he knocks, I'm knock'd up by my ball,

“ Not at home !” I am not to be seen.

Not at home to Sir John, should the Baron dismount,

Not at home till my ringlets are curl'd ;

Should the Jeweller call with his “ little account,”

Not at home ! not at home for the world !

I at midnight must shine at three splendid “ at homes,”

Then adieu to my morning chagrin ;

Close my curtain again, for till candlelight comes,

“ Not at home !” I am not to be seen.

THE MEN ARE ALL *CLUBBING* TOGETHER.

THE Men are all CLUBBING together,
 Abandoning gentle pursuits,
 They revel with Birds of a feather,
 And dine in black neckcloths and boots '
 There's no *party spirit* about them,
 (*My* parties are stupid concerns,)
 The Ladies sit sulky without them,
 Or dance with each other by turns.

Oh ! where are the Dandies who flirted,
 Who came of a morning to call ?
 We Females are so disconcerted—
 I'd *fée* Males to come to my Ball !
 'Twas flattery charm'd us,—no matter,
 Paste often may pass for a gem,
 Alas ! we are duller and flatter,
 Than when we were flatter'd by them !

When Family dinners we're giving,
 They send an excuse—there's the rub !
 Each Gourmand, secure of good living,
 Like HERCULES leans on his CLUB !
 A Hermit, though Beauty invites him,
Alone at the *Union* he sits !
 But what is the *Fare* that delights him,
 Compared with the *Fair* that he quits ?

MY HUSBAND *MEANS* EXTREMELY WELL.

My Husband *means* extremely well,
 Good, honest, humdrum man ;
 And really I can hardly tell
 How first our feuds began :
 It was a match of my Mamma's,
 No *match* at all, I mean ;
 Unless declining fifty has
 One feature like fifteen.

I longed to leave the prosing set,
 Papa, and durance vile ;
 I longed to have a landaulet,
 And four neat grays, in style :
 Sir William's steeds were thorough bred,
 He woo'd me fourteen days ;
 And I consented, though his head
 Was *grayer* than his *grays* !

For, oh ! I pined for pineries,
 Plate, pin-money, and pearls ;
 For smiles from Royal Highnesses,
 Dukes, Marquisses, and Earls :
 Sir William was in Parliament,
 And noticed by the King,
 So when he made his *settlement*,
 It was a *settled thing*.

He grumbles now ! a Woman's whim
Turns night to day, he says !
As if he thought I'd stay with him,
Benighting all my days !
At six *He* rises, as for *Me*
At twelve I ring *my* bell ;
Thus we're wound up alternately
Like buckets in a well !

I'VE SONGS TO SELL.

I'VE songs to sell, I've songs to sell,
 Will you buy? will you buy?
 Come *cash* my *notes*, I never yet
 Have pitch'd my price too high.
 Come, Lovers, I have lays for you,
 All sentiment, and sighs;
 And similes—not over new,
 And vows—not over wise:
 I've Serenades that ought to move
 The most obdurate Fair;
 I've transports for triumphant Love,
 And dolefuls for Despair.

I've Ballads, Lady, if you make
 Such simple things your choice;
 Oh sing, and let my verse partake
 The sweetness of your voice:

While They who simple lays despise,
 Preferring flights sublime,
 Will find that I can sacrifice
My reason to my rhyme!

I've songs for those with spirits high,
 Who mingle laugh and jest ;
 For Mothers I've a lullaby
 To soothe a Babe to rest :
 Come one and all and buy my lays,
 Let none refuse to sing,
 For I have loyal songs, in praise
 Of England, and her King !
 I've songs to sell, I've songs to sell,
 Will you buy ? will you buy ?
 Come *cash* my *notes*, I never yet
 Have pitch'd my price too high.

OLD TRUTH AND YOUNG ROMANCE.

YOUNG Romance through Roses straying,

Saw old Truth trudge lamely on on,

One in Pleasure's light was playing,

The other sigh'd for Pleasures gone.

Cries Romance, "Oh rest a minute,

"And discuss our views of Earth,

"*Your's* may have most prudence in it,

"But in *mine* is all the mirth."

"Ah!" says Truth, this world discloses

"Nought but vain, delusive wiles;

"Thorns are under all your roses,

"Sadness follows all your smiles."

Cries Romance, "Perhaps I often

"Colour Life with tints too warm;

"Yet *my warmth* a shade may soften,

"While *your coldness* chills a charm."

“Go!” says Truth, “’tis plain we never

“Can such hostile views combine ;

“Fancy is *your* guide for ever.

“While dull Sense must still be *mine*.”

Cries the Youth, “Frown on—no matter—

“Mortals love my playful glance ;

“E’en in TRUTH’S own path, they scatter

“Roses snatch’d from young ROMANCE !

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE, PAGE 5.

" Oh no, we never speak of her."

This Song is here printed as it was originally written ; as a *musical publication* some alterations were made, and words less poetical, but more adapted for *singing*, were substituted for those here given.

NOTE, PAGE 28.

" I'd be a Butterfly."

The author is permitted by Archdeacon Wrangham to reprint his elegant Translation of this Song. That distinguished Scholar has written similar Translations of many other of his Poems, and he here begs to express his very high sense of the compliment.

Au sim Papilio, natus in flosculo.
Rosæ ubi liliaque et violæ patent ;
Floribus advolans, avolans, osculo
Gemmulas tangens, quæ suavè olent !
Regna et opes ego nequiquam postulo,
Nolo ego ad pedes qui se volutent—
Ah sim Papilio, natus in flosculo,
Osculans gemmas quæ suavè olent !

Magicam si possem virgam furari,
Alas has pulchras aptem mi, chen !
Æstivis actis diebus in aëre,
Rosâ cubant Philomelæ cantu.
Opes quid afferunt ? Curas, somaum rarè ;
Regna nil præter ærumnas, chen !
Ah sim Papilio, dic volans aëre,
Rosâ cubans Philomelæ cantu !

Quemque horum vagulum dicis horrore
Frigora Autumni ferire suo :
Ætas quando abiit, mallet ego mori.
Omni quod dulce est cadente pulchro.
Brumæ qui cupiunt captent labore
Gaudia, et moras breves trahunto—
Ah sim Papilio ; vivam in errore,
Concedamque omni cadente pulchro.

F. W.

NOTE, PAGE 31.

" One Morn I left my Boat."

This Song was originally published in the "*Loves of the Butterflies*;" and the present volume being intended exclusively for private circulation, the author cannot resist the opportunity of printing the following Lines, written on a blank leaf of that work by his excellent and highly valued friend, Lord Ashtown, to whom it was dedicated.

THE fluttering Butterfly of old
 Was emblem of the soul, we're told,—
 To you the type may well belong,
 Your Butterflies the soul of song:
 But why to me inscribe a tale
 Of Loves, that flutter in the gale
 Of Spring, or Summer's genial ray—
 To me, who hasten to decay?
 Why not address the sportive song
 To Helen, beautiful and young?
She well may claim a Minstrel's skill,
 Altho' a Wife, a mistress still.
 Yet such the magic of your strain,
 E'en Age might live and love again,
 While Fancy renovates the theme
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Love's *young dream*.

Songs of a Soldier's Story.

The Son of a Soldier.

Oh mother! dear mother! I cannot remain;
I've heard the war summons again and again;
They'll deem me a coward - they, dear as thou art,
I cannot stay with thee - 'tis right on shouldst part.
My comrades are marching - I dare not delay -
The son of a soldier the call must obey.

His name I inherit, so joined in the field;
Be just then, and give me his hat and shield.
Oh give me his banner! snake from it the crest;
Oh give me his broadsword! wipe from it the rust;
Oh give me his stud - let me mount and away!
The son of a soldier the call must obey.

Your Loss will break my heart.

Why will you wear those ribbons, the red and blue cockade?
You're thrown aside the war-knot, that I so lately made;
You think a word of comfort will soothe me when I part.
Alas! you little know me, - your loss will break my heart! -

You say, that life is wasted in such a wretched scene;
And must I then remind you how happy we have been?
I know you sigh to enter the world's tumultuous mart,
And you are formed to grace it, - but you will break my heart!

My love, might, had you scorned it, in absence seek its cure;
But being woe, to lose you, I never could endure;
You go to gather laurels - but pause ere you depart,
I shall not live to see them - your loss will break my heart!

The Soldier's Tear

When the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook;
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear
And the soldier torn upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear
But he paused to bless her as she knelt
And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,-

Oh! do not deem him weak;
For dauntless was the soldier's heart
Though tears were on his cheek;
Go, watch the foremost ranks.
In danger's dark career;
Be sure the hand most potent there
Has wiped away a tear!

— His First Love and his Last. —

He lived to dance contented
Upon his nation's plain,
He lived to share in village sports,
With village maids again:
To cheer the storm-winter's night
With tales of peril past,
Lived happy, with a happy wife,
His first love and his last.

Oh! he could tell of conquering too,
Captivity and pain;
Of dungeon deep and strategem
That broke the galling chain:
She listened, and could scarce believe
The danger really past;
Then whispered low "I should safe with me

My first love, and my last!

Thos. Haynes Bayly

Extracted from "The Keepsake for 1830" p. 21

"After many Roving Years"

The Happy Valley.

Oh, after many roving years
How sweet it is to come
To the dwelling-place of early youth,
Our first, our dearest home;
To turn away our weary eyes
From proud ambitious towers
And wander in the summer field
Among the trees and flowers.

But I am char'd, since last I gazed
On yonder tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old willow-tree
That shades the willow-green;
And watch'd my boat upon the brook
As 'twere a royal galley,
And sigh'd not for a joy on earth
Beyond the happy valley.

I wish, I could recall again
That bright & blushing joy;
And summon to my weary heart
The feelings of a boy.
I look on scenes of past delight
Without my wonted pleasure;
As a miser on the bed of death
Looks coldly on his treasure.

— 'She wore a Wreath of Roses' —

She wore a wreath of roses, the night that first we met.
Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls of jet;
Her foot steps had the lightness, her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of summer flowers upon her sunny brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms, when next we met she wore,
The expression of her features was more thoughtful than before,
And standing by her side was one, who strove & not in vain,
To soothe her leaving her dear home, she ne'er might win again.
I saw her but a moment, but methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of orange blossoms upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow, no bridal-wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals her once luxuriant hair,
She weeps in silent solitude, & there is no one near
To press her hand within his own, & wipe away a tear.
I see her broken-hearted, yet methinks I view her now,
In the pride of youth & beauty, with a garland on her brow!





